

# Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to mortow:

*Patroclus*, let vs Feast him to the hight.

*Pat.* Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

*Ther.* Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, Fragment?

*Ther.* Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

*Pat.* Who keeps the Tent now?

*Ther.* The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

*Pat.* Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

*Patro.* Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

*Ther.* Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th' backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the like, take and take againe, such preposstrous discoueries.

*Pat.* Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patro.* Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curse.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou: Ah how the poore world is pefired with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

*Pat.* Our gall.

*Ther.* Finch Egge.

*Ach.* My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Heere is a Letter from Queene *Heccuba*,

A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,

My maior vow lyes here; this Ile obey:

Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,

This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

*Ther.* With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's

*Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues

Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,

the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of

Cuckolds, athrifty shoeing-horne in a cksine, hanging at his Brothers legges, to what forme but that he is, shold

wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne

him too: to an Assle were nothing; hee is both Assle and

Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Assle:

to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,

I would not care: but to be *Menelaeus*, I would conspire

against *Destiny*. Aske me not what I would be, if I were

not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,

so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

*Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.*

*Ag.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Vliss.* Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

*Achil.* Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

*Agam.* So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

*Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and goodnight to the Greekes general.

*Men.* Goodnight my Lord.

*Hect.* Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,

sweet sure.

*Achil.* Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

*Ag.* Goodnight.

*Achil.* Old *Nestor* carries, and you too *Diomed*,

keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

*Dio.* I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

*Hect.* Giue me your hand.

*Vliss.* Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcaes* Tent,

Ile keepe you company.

*Troy.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so good night.

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my Tent.

*Ther.* That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a

most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee

leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend

his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when

he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious,

there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes

of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather

leue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,

he keeps a Trojan Drab, and vses the Traitour *Chalcaes*

his Tent. Ile after— Nothing but Lecherie? All

incontinent Varlets. *Exit.*

*Enter Diomed.*

*Dio.* What are you vp here ho? speake?

*Chal.* Who calls?

*Dio.* *Diomed*, *Chalcaes* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

*Chal.* She comes to you.

*Enter Troilus and Vlisses.*

*Vliss.* Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

*Enter Cressid.*

*Troy.* *Cressid* comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now my charge?

*Cres.* Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

*Troy.* Yea, so familiar?

*Vliss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may finde her, if he can take her

life: she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cal.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-

pled with your words.

*Troy.* What should she remember?

*Vliss.* List?

*Cres.* Sweete hony Greeke, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery.

*Dio.* Nay then.

*Cres.* Ile tell you what.

*Dio.* Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

*Cres.* In faith I cannot: what would you haue me doe?

*Ther.* A iugling trick, to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

*Dio.* Good

# Troilus and Cressida.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Troy.* Hold, patience.

*Vliss.* How now Trojan?

*Cres.* *Diomed*.

*Dio.* No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

*Troy.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Harke one word in your eare.

*Troy.* O plague and madnesse!

*Vliss.* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrachfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

*Troy.* Behold, I pray you.

*Vliss.* Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

*Troy.* I pray thee stay?

*Vliss.* You haue not patience, come.

*Troy.* I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,

I will not speake a word.

*Dio.* And so good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Troy.* Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

*Vliss.* Why, how now Lord?

*Troy.* By *Ioue* I will be patient.

*Cres.* Gardian? why Greeke?

*Dio.* Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

*Cres.* Infaieth I doe not: come hither once againe.

*Vliss.* You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?

you will breake out.

*Troy.* She stroakes his cheek.

*Vliss.* Come, come.

*Troy.* Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.

There is betwene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the dwell Luxury with his fat rumpe and

potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cres.* In faith I will lo; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Giue me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* Ile fetch you one.

*Vliss.* You haue sworne patience.

*Troy.* Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I feele: I am all patience.

*Ther.* Now the pledge, now, now, now.

*Cres.* Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleue.

*Troy.* O beautie! where is thy Faith?

*Vliss.* My Lord.

*Troy.* I will be patient, outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You looke ypon that Sleue? behold it well:

Heloud me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

*Dio.* Whose was't?

*Cres.* It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpenes: well said Whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall haue it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* I that.

*Cres.* O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

*Dio.* Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

*Cres.* He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

*Dio.* I had your heart b

*Troy.* I did sweare patie

*Cres.* You shall not haue

Ile giue you something els

*Dio.* I will haue this: v

*Cres.* It is no matter.

*Dio.* Come tell me who

*Cres.* 'Twas one that lou

But now you haue it, take

*Dio.* Whole was it?

*Cres.* By all *Dianas* wait

And by her selfe, I will not

*Dio.* To morrow will I

And grieue his spirit that d

*Troy.* Wert thou the diu

It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done

I will not keepe my word.

*Dio.* Why then farewell

Thou neuer shalt mocke D

*Cres.* You shall not goe

But it strait starts you.

*Dio.* I doe not like this

*Ther.* Nor I by *Pluto*; bu

ses me best.

*Dio.* What shall I com

*Cres.* I, come: O *Ioue*!

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night: I pry

*Troilus* farewell; one eye y

But with my heart, the oth

Ah poore our sexe; this fa

The error of our eye, dire

What error leads, must ex

Mindes swai'd by eyes, are

*Ther.* A proesse of strengt

Vnlesse she say, my minde

*Vliss.* Al's done my Lord

*Troy.* It is.

*Vliss.* Why stay we then

*Troy.* To make a record

Of euery syllable that here

But if I tell how these two

Shall I not lye, in publishi

Sith yet there is a credenc

An esperance so obstinately

That doth inuert that rest o

As if those organs had decep

Created onely to calumniat

was *Cressid* here?

*Vliss.* I cannot coniure T

*Troy.* She was not sure.

*Vliss.* Most sure she was.

*Troy.* Why my negatio

*Vliss.* Nor mine my Lord

*Troy.* Let it not be belie

Thinke we had mothers; d

To stubborn Criticks, apt

For deprauation, to square